

The True Story of Marcus Whitman

An Historical Romance in Five Chapters

By
BELLE M. BRAIN

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Woman's Board of Home Missions of
the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A.,
156 Fifth Avenue, New York City

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WOMAN'S BOARD OF HOME MISSIONS OF THE PRESBYTERIAN
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PRESBYTERIAN HISTORICAL SOCIETY
520 WITHERSPOON BUILDING
PHILADELPHIA 7, PA.



From Mowry's "Marcus Whitman"

Mill The First House

Blacksmith Shop

The New House

WHITMAN'S HOME AT WAILLATPU

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The True Story of Marcus Whitman*

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE IN FIVE CHAPTERS

By BELLE M. BRAIN

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1. The Wise Men from the West

As the year 1831 was drawing to a close, there came to the frontier city of St. Louis four Nez Percés chiefs, asking, "Where is the white man's Book of Heaven? We have heard of it in our wigwams far away in the valley of the Columbia, and are come to search for it."

When General Clark, superintendent of Indian-affairs for the northwest, heard of the advent of the strangers, he showed them much kindness. Years before he had explored their country and proved himself a good friend to the Indian tribes. And now they had come to him on this extraordinary mission. Two of them were old warriors full of wisdom, two were young braves full of strength.

All winter they were cared for. Food and clothing were provided with a liberal hand, and they were royally entertained at the theatre

* The story of Marcus Whitman is already a twice-told tale. It is retold at this time to commemorate the centennial of Whitman's birth, which occurred at Rushville, N. Y., September 4, 1802. In telling the story all points have been eliminated save those thoroughly established by reputable witnesses. The political significance of Whitman's ride and the part he took in saving Oregon to the United States have long been a matter of controversy. After a prolonged discussion on the Pacific coast between the years 1880 and 1890, during which the Whitman side had the best of the argument, public opinion settled down to the belief that Whitman was a great national hero and had done all that was claimed for him. In January, 1901, the controversy was reopened by Professor Bourne, of Yale University, in an article in the *American Historical Review*, entitled: "The Legend of Marcus Whitman." Somewhat elaborated, it has since been incorporated into his book, "Essays of Historical Criticism." As an example of modern destructive criticism it is an interesting study, but otherwise has little value. Professor Bourne's attack called forth an able defense of Whitman from the pen of Prof. Henry W. Parker, D.D., son of Rev. Samuel Parker, which appeared in the *Homiletic Review* for July, 1901. The latest contribution to the discussion is a pamphlet written by Rev. Myron Eells, D.D., the greatest living authority on Oregon history. So strong and convincing is its testimony that it is hoped it may prove the last word in this famous controversy. Those who desire an interesting, reliable, and conservative history of Whitman and his work, with a full discussion of controverted points, will do well to read "Marcus Whitman and the Early Days of Oregon," by Dr. Mowry (from which our frontispiece is taken). Professor Bourne has pronounced it a "deceptive work," but nine-tenths of the literary critics of the country have declared it thoroughly reliable.—B. M. B.

and other places of amusement. Nor were their spiritual interests wholly neglected, for they were taken to the cathedral and other Catholic churches. But, alas! the real purpose of their coming was totally ignored—their request for the Book met with no response.



otographed for the MISSIONARY REVIEW

HE-OK'KS-TE-KIN (RABBIT SKIN LEGGINGS)

Reproduction of a portrait by Catlin of the only one of the Nez Percés chiefs who lived to return to his people after the fruitless journey to St. Louis in search of the white man's "Book of Heaven"

St. Louis was a Roman Catholic city, and the Great Father of the northwest tribes was a member of the Church of Rome.

They asked for bread and were given a stone, and great indeed was their sorrow. "Hearts that had come three thousand miles of toil and peril to be filled with better ideas of God and of the long trail to the hereafter" refused to be satisfied with religious forms and earthly pleasures. As spring began to dawn, the old men died and the young men sadly prepared to return to their distant homes. On the eve of their departure, in a farewell

address to General Clark, one of the two poured forth his burden of sorrow in words of pathetic eloquence as follows:

I came to you over the trail of many moons from the setting sun. You were the friend of my fathers, who have all gone the long way. I came with an eye partly opened for more light for my people, who sit in darkness. I go back with both eyes closed. How can I go back blind to my blind people? I made my way to you with strong arms, through many enemies and strange lands, that I might carry back much to them. I go back with both arms broken and empty. Two fathers came with us. They were braves of many winters and wars. We leave them asleep here by your great water and wigwam. They were tired in many moons and their moccasins wore out. My people sent me to get the white man's Book of Heaven. You took me where you allow your women to dance, as we do not ours, and the Book was not there. You took me where they worship the Great Spirit with candles, and the Book was not there. You showed me images of the good spirits and pictures of the good land beyond, but the Book was not among them to tell us the way. I am going back the long, sad trail to my people of the dark land. You make my feet heavy with gifts and my moccasins will grow old in carrying

them, yet the Book was not among them. When I tell my poor, blind people, after one more snow in the big council, that I did not bring the Book, no word will be spoken by our old men or by our young braves. One by one they will rise up and go out in silence. My people will die in darkness, and they will go on the long path to other hunting grounds. No white man will go with them, and no white man's Book to make the way plain. I have no more words.

At the dock in St. Louis lay the steamer *Yellowstone*, the first "fire-canoe" to make the long voyage up the Missouri to the mouth of the Yellowstone. On this historic craft the two Nez Percés chiefs took passage. On board was George Catlin, the famous Indian artist, who took advantage of this opportunity to paint their portraits.* Near the mouth of the Yellowstone one of the Indians died, leaving his companion to complete the journey alone.

Thus ended the "red man's search for the white man's Book." It had apparently been fruitless, yet God did not suffer it to be in vain. The farewell address of the Nez Percés chief was taken down by a young clerk in General Clark's office and sent to friends in Pittsburg. It would have been published at once had not Catlin, who had returned East, declared that it could not be true, since he had heard nothing of it either from General Clark or the Indians themselves. Desirous of knowing the facts, Catlin wrote to General Clark, and ere long the answer came: "It is true; that was the only object of their visit, and it failed." Then Catlin said: "Give the story to the world."

The hearts of Christians everywhere were profoundly stirred. Early in 1833 the Methodist Church appointed the Rev. Jason Lee, then at work in Canada, to undertake an Indian



Photographed for the MISSIONARY REVIEW

* H'CO-A-H'CO-A-H'COTES-MIN (NO HORNS ON HIS HEAD)

The Nez Percés chief who died near the mouth of the Yellowstone, on his way home from St. Louis. His portrait was painted by Catlin

* Visitors to the National Museum at Washington, D. C., will find them there, numbered 145 and 146 of the Catlin collection.

mission beyond the Rocky Mountains, and in 1834, with a small party of helpers, he started for his distant field. Arriving there in September of the same year, he established a mission in the valley of the Willamette. Meanwhile, in a lonely hill-town in the Green Mountains, the heart of an earnest pastor, Samuel Parker by name, was so filled with a desire to carry the Book to the disappointed red men of the West, that in April, 1833, he wrote to the American Board, offering himself for the work. After long delay the Board took the matter up, and as a preliminary step sent him to explore the region in company with Marcus Whitman, a young physician he had enlisted in the cause.

In the spring of 1835 the veteran pastor of fifty-six and the young physician of thirty-three began the long journey across the plains. At the rendezvous of the fur traders on the Green River, in the heart of the mountains, they met large bodies of Indians, Nez Percés and Flatheads, who were very friendly, and so favorable to the idea of the mission that Mr. Parker continued his explorations alone, while Dr. Whitman returned at once for reinforcements and supplies. As an evidence of good faith, the Nez Percés allowed two of their boys to come East with him. In November, 1835, they reached Rushville, N. Y., Dr. Whitman's boyhood home. It was late Saturday night, and no one knew of the doctor's arrival until Sunday morning, when he appeared at church, the two Nez Percés boys with him. So astonished was his good old mother that she involuntarily exclaimed, "Well, well, there is Marcus Whitman!"

So favorable was the report that the American Board decided to establish the mission without delay, and Dr. Whitman made preparation to return at once. His fiancée, Miss Narcissa Prentiss, shared his missionary enthusiasm, and readily agreed to go with him. The Board, however, was not willing to allow them to go alone, and counseled delay until suitable companions could be found to accompany them.

2. A Double Wedding Journey Across the Continent

The first wedding journey across the continent was made in 1836, not in a swift-moving palace car, but in a slow-going emigrant wagon and by saddle. The bridal party consisted of Dr. Marcus Whitman and the Rev. H. H. Spaulding and their newly wedded wives; W. H. Gray, Oregon's first historian; the two Nez Percés boys, and two teamsters. The brides were the first white women to cross the Rocky Mountains.

The story of this wedding journey is full of heroism and not without its touch of romance. In January, 1836, Mr. Spaulding with his bride started on a wedding trip through the wilds of western New

York, their destination being the haunts of the Osage Indians. As they neared the little town of Howard, N. Y., speeding over the snow-fields in an odd conveyance, half sleigh, half wagon, a cheery voice rang out, "Ship ahoy! you are wanted for Oregon," and a second sleigh drew up beside their own.

It was Dr. Whitman, whom the American Board had sent in pursuit of the young missionaries in the hope of enlisting them for Oregon. Driving on to the little hotel in the village, the question was discussed in all its phases, the momentous decision being finally left to the bride. She asked the privilege of going alone to lay the matter before God in prayer, and in ten minutes returned with bright face and cheery voice, saying, "I have decided for Oregon."

Suitable companions having been found, Dr. Whitman went to claim his bride. The wedding took place in the church at the close of service one Sabbath evening in February. Miss Prentiss was gifted with a voice of remarkable sweet-

ness, and had long been a member of the choir. So dearly was she loved that when the minister gave out the hymn, "Yes, my native land, I love thee," the congregation was unable to sing it. They began bravely enough, but were soon overcome by emotion. The bride alone continued to the end, singing the last stanza in clear, unwavering tones, while many around her sobbed aloud.

Early in March the long wedding trip began. Across Pennsylvania they went by stage to Pittsburg. Here Catlin tried to persuade the ladies to go back, insisting that the journey was too severe for any save the strongest men. Nevertheless, they proceeded down the Ohio to St. Louis, and thence to Council Bluffs, where they expected to join the caravan of the American Fur Company. Owing to



MARCUS WHITMAN

[From the statue on the Witherspoon Building,
Philadelphia]

vexatious delays, they arrived too late, and found the caravan already six days on its way. Then followed a chase across the plains that sorely tried the faith and courage of the little band. A month later, however, they caught up with the caravan and all was well.

They were now well up in the mountains, with no road save the track of the buffalo before them. At Fort Laramie it was customary to abandon the wagons, but against this Dr. Whitman protested. For the sake of the ladies he insisted on retaining one of the two light wagons belonging to the missionary party. It was a hazardous undertaking, fraught with much difficulty and entailing much labor, yet with indomitable perseverance he succeeded in getting it through to Fort Boisé. Here he was persuaded to leave it for a time, but not long after it went through, the first wheeled vehicle to cross the Rocky Mountains. Little did Dr. Whitman guess how famous it was to become, nor what an important part it was to play in the future of the territory.

Perhaps the most notable event of this eventful journey was the celebration of the Fourth of July at South Pass. There was no boom of cannon to usher in the nation's birthday, yet rarely, if ever, has it been commemorated in a more significant or fitting manner. Early in the day the little band of missionaries entered South Pass, and a few hours later reached the point in the Great Divide where the waters begin to trickle down westward to the Pacific as well as eastward to the Atlantic. Before them lay the broad expanse of the Pacific Slope, the goodly land they had come to win for Christ and country. With hearts deeply moved they dismounted, and spread a blanket on the grass and raised the Stars and Stripes above it. Then, placing the Bible in the center, they knelt around it, and with prayer and praise reverently took possession of the entire region "in the name of God and the United States." It was a solemn and impressive scene, unsurpassed in the annals of American history.

On July 20th the caravan reached the rendezvous of the fur company at Green River, where Dr. Whitman had parted from Mr. Parker the year before. Here they found about two hundred fur traders and some two thousand Indians, among the latter a delegation from the Nez Percés, who had come to welcome the missionaries and receive back their two boys. The Indians were very friendly to the men who had come to bring them the Book, but most of all were they pleased with the "white squaws who had come over the long trail across the mountains." At the sight of white women the mountaineers, too, were deeply touched, and some of them wept like children. "From that day," said one in after years, "I was a better man."

After a ten days' rest the missionaries began the long descent into the valley of the Columbia. On September 2d, after weeks of weary travel devoid of special incident, they reached Fort Walla Walla in safety, and the heroic wedding trip was ended. Thirty-five hundred miles they had come, consuming seven months upon a journey that can now be made in less than seven days.

3. At Work in Oregon

It was a wonderful country to which these pioneer missionaries had come—a true land of promise. The whole vast region, thirty-six times the size of Massachusetts, was then known as Oregon, but now comprises the three great States of Washington, Oregon, and Idaho, besides fifty thousand square miles in western Montana and Wyoming. With millions of acres of fertile soil, vast tracts of valuable timber land and great rivers teeming with fish, it has become one of the most important sections of the country.

When Whitman and Spaulding arrived in 1836 it was practically a foreign land, and they were foreign missionaries. The United States claimed the territory, but nothing whatever had been done in the way of establishing a protectorate over the few Americans who had settled there. The American Board, which worked only in foreign lands, regarded it as a legitimate field, and was careful to secure passports for all missionaries going there.

But to return to the little band at Walla Walla. After long consultation, Dr. Whitman decided to locate at Waiilatpu, on the Walla Walla River, among the Cayuse Indians, and Mr. Spaulding at Lapwai, one hundred and thirty miles to the east, among the Nez Percés tribe. It was a wild, unbroken country, peopled by savages, and winter was coming on. But by December a log house was ready at each station, and the brides who had been left at the Fort came to take possession of them. In her diary Mrs. Whitman writes thus of the home-coming: "We found a house reared and the lean-to inclosed, a good chimney and fireplace, and the floor laid. No windows or doors except blankets. My heart truly leaped for joy as I alighted from my horse and seated myself before a blazing fire. It occurred to me that my dear parents had made a similar beginning, and perhaps a harder one than ours."

Dr. Whitman proved himself an indefatigable worker. In less than three years three hundred acres had been fenced in, two hundred of which were under cultivation and producing abundant crops, and a blacksmith shop, grist-mill, and new house of more generous proportions than the first had been erected. The labor was immense, owing to the fact that timber had to be brought from nine to fifteen miles and boards hewn out and sawed by hand. The Indians were

very friendly, and much pleased over the prospect of a church and a school, but quite unwilling to help. It was considered a disgrace for men to work.

Meanwhile the spiritual work of the mission was by no means neglected. Notwithstanding the great labor of establishing the station, Dr. Whitman was very active in dispensing medicines, healing the sick, and endeavoring in every way to win the Indians to Christ. To improve their material condition, he taught them to cultivate their lands and occupy them permanently, and Mrs. Whitman opened a school for the children, in which she soon had not less than fifty scholars. The books used in this school were printed on a press which came from the Hawaiian Islands. It was presented to the Oregon mission by Hiram Bingham's church at Honolulu, and was the first press ever operated west of the Rocky Mountains.

Life in the Oregon mission in the early days was at best by no means easy. Added to the primitive style in which they lived, cut off from the luxuries and comforts of civilized life, was the isolation and loneliness that was hard to bear. A party of additional helpers arrived in 1838, and there were now three stations instead of two, but they were far apart and travel slow and difficult. Letters from home came but once or twice a year, and frequently reached their destination long months after they were written.

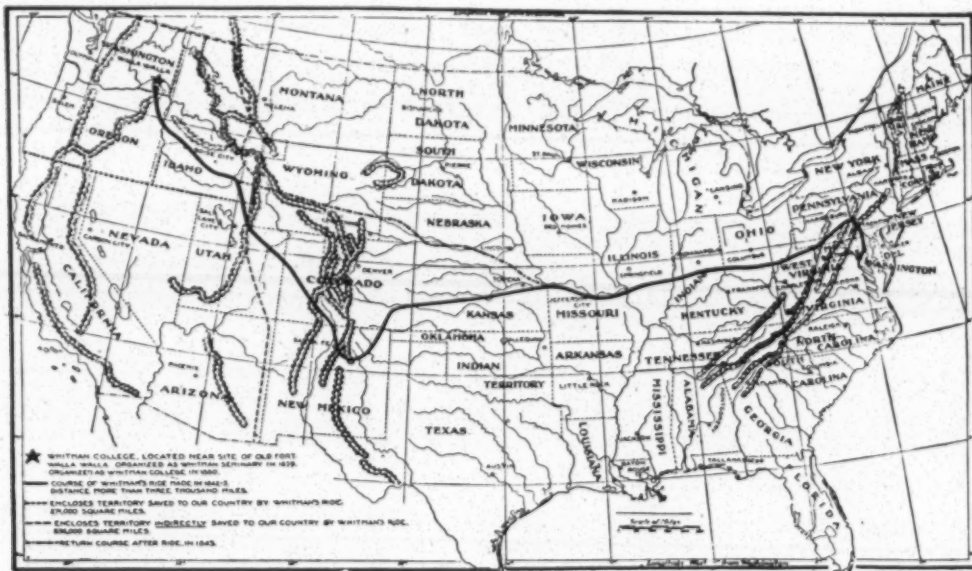
There was, too, much that was discouraging in connection with the work. A good measure of success had been granted them, but the roving disposition of the Indians made it difficult to accomplish permanent results, and since the advent of a number of Jesuit priests, imported by the Hudson Bay Company, some of them had begun to manifest a spirit of hostility. Added to this, was a lack of harmony among the missionaries themselves in regard to the management of the mission, which began to be apparent in 1840, and continued until the annual meeting in May, 1842, when, after a frank and full discussion, all differences were laid aside, and perfect harmony was restored.

But it was too late. In February, 1842, the American Board, to whom the causes of friction had been fully reported, decided upon heroic treatment, and already a letter was on its way from Boston, recalling the Spauldings, and authorizing Dr. Whitman to dispose of the mission property at Waiilatpu and Lapwai, and join the northern station at Tshimakain. The latter action was due to the reported hostility of the Indians and the encroachments of the Jesuits, which the Board feared might imperil the safety and success of its work.

4. Whitman's Ride

Crossing the mountains with the Bible in one hand and the flag in the other, Marcus Whitman deserves the name of Christian patriot as well as Christian missionary. Ever mindful of his country's interests in the great Northwest, his services to her have rarely been surpassed. To him belongs the honor of opening a wagon road across the Rockies and adding three stars to the American flag.

The ownership of Oregon had long been a matter of dispute. The rights of the United States were based on the discovery of the Columbia by Gray in 1792, the first exploration of the river from source to mouth by Lewis and Clark in 1805, and the planting of the first settlement at Astoria by John Jacob Astor in 1811. Strong as was this threefold claim, England contested it, and England in Oregon practically meant the Hudson Bay Company, that great money-mak-



By courtesy of the *Ladies' Home Journal*

WHITMAN'S ROUTE TO AND FROM WASHINGTON

ing corporation, whose policy it was to restrain civilization and keep the territory a wilderness for the production of furs.

In 1818 the matter was temporarily settled by a treaty providing for joint occupancy for a limited time, but it was tacitly understood that the final result would be determined by emigration. Strange to say, the government at Washington was not fully awake to the importance of the situation. Regarding it as a wild and unproductive region, and the Rocky Mountains as an impassable barrier, they questioned whether Oregon was worth saving.

Fortunately, however, the United States had in the territory a true and loyal son who loved her well and was quietly watching the trend of political affairs. As the years went by, Dr. Whitman saw

that the Hudson Bay Company was strengthening its own position by bringing small bands of emigrants across the mountains from the Red River country, and weakening the influence of the American missionaries by importing Jesuit priests from Canada to satisfy the red man's growing desire for white man's religion, without civilizing him and unfitting him for gathering fur. It was clearly the purpose of the company to secure a majority of the voters, establish a provincial government under the protection of England, and hold the country for themselves. Unless vigorous measures were taken, Oregon would be lost not only to the United States, but to the Protestant faith as well.

In September, 1842, Dr. Whitman learned from A. L. Lovejoy, who came with a party of emigrants from the East, that a new treaty settling boundary disputes between England and the United States, would probably be signed before Congress adjourned in March, 1843. Thoroughly aroused, he conceived the idea of going to Washington at once to push the claims of Oregon, and bring back emigrants enough to give the United States a majority of voters. It was, too, part of his purpose to go to Boston, where he hoped, by placing the affairs of the mission properly before the Board, to secure the rescinding of the order recalling the Spauldings and discontinuing the stations at Waiilatpu and Lapwai.

It was a daring plan, for the journey, difficult at any time, was well-nigh impossible in winter. He was, too, risking much, in view of the fact that no missionary was allowed to leave his post without permission, save in cases of emergency, and then only with the written permission of his associates. Nevertheless, he decided to go, and on September 26th, at his request, the missionaries met at his station. So hazardous was the undertaking, and so foreign to the ordinary work of a missionary, that at first they refused their consent, telling him plainly that he would better attend to his duties as a missionary and let politics alone. To this he made answer: "I was a man before I was a missionary, and when I became a missionary I did not expatriate myself. I shall go if I have to sever my connection with the American Board." That settled it. Rather than lose so beloved and valuable a worker, they reluctantly gave him permission to go.

On the morning of October 3d, less than a week later, with no companion save his guide and Mr. Lovejoy, who had agreed to accompany him, this ardent patriot bade farewell to home and friends and the wife he loved so well, and started on the long journey across the mountains to Washington. As he mounted his Cayuse pony and rode away, his last words were: "My life is of but little worth if I can save this country to the American people."

Less like fact than fiction reads the story of this famous ride. Covering a period of five long months and a distance of full four thousand miles, it surpasses in heroism that of Sheridan or Paul Revere. In eleven days Fort Hall was reached, and the first four hundred miles successfully completed. Here they learned that the Sioux and Pawnees were at war, and it would be death to pass through their country. Unwilling to turn back, Dr. Whitman decided to take the old Spanish trail through Santa Fé, a change of route that added hundreds of miles to the journey. Forts Uintah and Uncompahgre were reached in safety, but on the way to Fort Taos a terrific storm was encountered that for ten days kept them prisoners in a rocky gorge. While attempting to press on again, another terrific storm overtook them, and they completely lost their way. Death seemed inevitable, and Dr. Whitman, intrepid hero as he was, gave up in despair. Dismounting, he knelt in the snow, and commended himself and his companions, his precious wife and his beloved Oregon to God. But not yet was Whitman's life to end. Guided by instinct only, one of the mules led the party through the snow-drifts into the camp of the morning before, and they were saved.

Perhaps the most daring exploit of the entire journey was the crossing of the Grand River. Frozen on either side for about one-third of the way across, and with a swift and dangerous current in the center, the guide declared it impassable; but Dr. Whitman, nothing daunted, plunged into the icy stream. Both horse and rider disappeared at once, but soon rose again, and with heroic effort reached the farther shore. Then the others took the icy plunge, and soon all were gathered around a blazing fire drying their dripping garments and warming their benumbed and freezing limbs.

Arriving in St. Louis, clad in buffalo overcoat and headhood, buckskin breeches, fur leggings, and boot moccasins, and with hands, face, and feet badly frost-bitten, Marcus Whitman created a sensation. Old trappers and mountaineers who knew the trail could scarce be persuaded that he had indeed come through in mid-winter from Fort Hall and the Columbia. In answer to his eager questions about Congress and the treaty, he learned that it had been signed on August 9th, almost two months before he began his memorable ride. But it dealt only with the boundaries east of the mountains, and left the Oregon question still unsettled. Exchanging saddle for stage, he pushed on without delay, arriving in Washington early in March.

Just what transpired there is not definitely known, but certain it is that in interviews with President Tyler and other statesmen he impressed upon them the value of Oregon and its importance to the United States, and declared that the Rocky Mountains were not an impassable barrier, since he himself had crossed them four times.

had taken a wagon through in 1836, and intended to return with a large party of emigrants in the early spring.

Having received assurance that if he established a wagon road through to the Columbia and succeeded with his emigration the President would use his influence for Oregon, Whitman pushed on to Boston, where he succeeded beyond all expectations. The Board granted all he asked, though it is said that at first their reception of him was far from cordial. A missionary who had left his post without their sanction could scarce expect a hearty welcome.

After flying visits to his old home and his wife's relations, Marcus Whitman again turned his face westward. Already there was gathering along the frontier a goodly number of pioneers ready to start for Oregon. Glowing accounts of the country sent East by the missionaries and other settlers, had turned the thoughts of many westward, and it had been widely advertised that Whitman himself would pilot a company across the mountains.

In May, 1843, a caravan was organized, consisting of nearly nine hundred persons, about two hundred wagons, and some one thousand five hundred head of cattle. By the first week in June they were well under way. With Whitman to guide them they were able to proceed the entire distance with their wagons, an achievement hitherto deemed impossible. At the end of five months the weary travelers and battered wagons descended into the beautiful valley of the Walla Walla, and the long, hard journey was over. A wagon road had been opened through the Rockies, and Oregon was won! Three years later, on June 15, 1846, a treaty was signed at Washington, whereby England relinquished her claim to Oregon, and the dispute of half a century was brought to a peaceful close.

5. The Whitman Massacre

The closing chapter of this heroic story is one of the saddest in American history. Beginning in romance, it ends in tragedy. For eight days from November 29 to December 6, 1847, there was a reign of terror at Waiilatpu, and the newly acquired territory of Oregon was baptized in its hero's blood.

After eleven years of faithful labor, Dr. and Mrs. Whitman were called to join the noble army of martyrs above, falling by the hands of the Indians to whom they had devoted their noble and heroic lives. At the time there were in all seventy-two persons at the station. Of these fourteen were cruelly murdered, and nearly fifty, most of them women and children, taken prisoners. A few only escaped to tell the story of what had taken place. The details of the massacre are much too terrible to tell. Suffice it to say that Dr. Whitman was the first

to fall, a tomahawk doing the deadly work, and that a few hours later Mrs. Whitman received the fatal shots that cost her life.

Together in one great grave the bodies of the little band of martyrs were laid away to rest, there in the beautiful valley of the Walla Walla to await the resurrection dawn. For many years the spot was unmarked by monument of any kind, but in October, 1897, the remains of the martyrs were disinterred and placed in a large metallic casket. In January, 1898, a vault having been made ready, the casket was lowered into it with appropriate services. On the top was placed a great slab of marble engraved with the names of those interred beneath. On the summit of a small hill near by the grave a monument of granite was erected, a tall and graceful shaft that can be seen for miles in all directions.

But nobler and more enduring than these memorials of stone is the great college that bears the hero-martyr's name, and erected in his honor. Its story forms a romance by itself. In 1859, Father Eells, one of Whitman's missionary associates, came to visit the old site of the station. Standing by the great grave, he registered a solemn vow that he would do something to perpetuate the name of him who slept within. Believing that his old friend would prefer a Christian school to a monument of marble, he obtained a charter and bought from the American Board the farm of six hundred and forty acres on which Whitman had labored for eleven years. Seven years later, with money earned by Father Eells' plow and Mother Eells' churn, the first little building was erected and the school opened. Year by year it grew and prospered until now it has become one of the leading educational institutions of the great Northwest.